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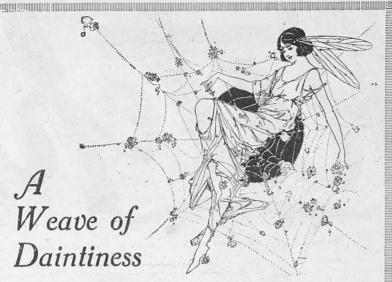
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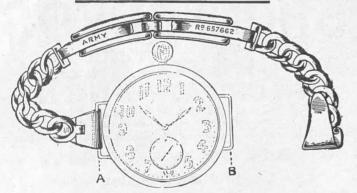
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RITANNIA

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OTTER-HUNTING IN SOMERSET: A DAY WITH THE CULMSTOCK.



THE CULMSTOCK OTTER-HOUNDS: THE MASTER AND DEPUTY-MASTER.



AT THE BISHOPS LYDEARD STREAM: TAKING THE TERRIER ACROSS A FOOT-BRIDGE.



HOUNDS AT THE WATER: WORKING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE BISHOPS LYDEARD STREAM.



THE OPENING MEET OF THE CULMSTOCK OTTER-HOUNDS A GROUP AT CROSS KEYS, NEAR TAUNTON.



LADIES FOLLOWING THE HUNT: A HELPING HAND IN CLIMBING



BROTHERS AT THE MEET: MAJOR G. R. MOTT AND MAJOR R. J. K. MOTT.

The opening meet of the Culmstock Otter Hounds took place the | Major R. J. K. Mott. The former is connected with the Dartmoor other day at Cross Keys, near Taunton. Among those present Otter Hounds, and the latter with the Northern Counties. In the were two brothers who are both interested in this form of sport, and both of the same military rank—Major G. R. Mott and Culmstock, Mr. H. Gillham, is seen in the centre of the group.



That Precious Peace.

By the time you read these lines anything or everything may have happened in Paris, where the Peace plenipotentiaries have dwelt in discord for so long. Frankly, I don't much care. Neither do you,

TALENTS WRAPPED UP.

"One of the mummies still dis-

ossessed of their quarters in the British Museum to make room for a Government Department was in-terviewed yesterday. 'The resent-ment we feel,' he said, 'is not that we were turned out . . . but that the Government has found no use for our services."—Daily Paper.

but about the new Romeo and the new Juliet at the Lyric Theatre. And I am afraid all the conversation is not over-polite. Well, anyhow, the setting of the greatest love-story in the world is quite beautiful, and the first-night audience twinkled with dramatic stars of other days.

And this brings They Like It. me to the fact that at last I have discovered whether actors and actresses who, when they enter the stalls to witness a first-night. production, receive volleys of cheers from an enthusiastic pit and gallery

really enjoy their boisterous welcome.

Photograph
On the night of "Romeo" there were ovations for Miss Marion Terry, Miss Kate Terry, Mrs. Kendal, Mrs. Langtry, and Lady Bancroft. "Do you really like it?" I asked Miss Marion Terry when the tempest of applause had died down. "Of course, we all like it," she replied, with the Terry smile. "It's sweet to be remembered, and in a sense it seems to make our old stage days live

THE WINNER OF THE ACTIVE SERVICE GOLF TOURNAMENT: LORD CHARLES HOPE RECEIVING THE TROPHY FROM GENERAL SEELY.

Photograph by C.N.

I expect. A friend back from the Peace Front tells me that Mr.

Lloyd George no longer speaks to Lord Northcliffe, and that the eversmiling President Wilson went into a toy-shop the other day and purchased a set of backgammon to while away his time after the arduous duties of the Congress. Some of us would not die of grief if all the Peace magnates devoted their entire interests to some such simple and harmless pursuit. Meanwhile, the gossip that one of the thousands of fashionable "peacemakers" has openly threatened to marry a young person from Montmartre surpasses everything else in importance for the womenfolk and all their most intimate and spiteful friends.

"Wherefore Art Thou," etc.

but good

form-

Everybody town is talkingno. not about the

Peace Conference, for that would be anything

CELEBRATING THE LIBERAL VICTORY AT HULL; (LEFT TO RIGHT) LADY GLADSTONE, COMMANDER KENWORTHY NEW MEMBERI, MRS. KENWORTHY, MR. ASQUITH, SIR WALTER RUNCIMAN, AND MRS. ASOUITH.

Photograph by Central Press.

Women The New are cer-"Tube " Girls. tainly the most extraordinary creatures imaginable! This is not an original remark, but it has the virtue of truth. Last year our women were striding freely about the land in knee-breeches, gaiters, or trousers, and they looked healthy and comfortable whilst doing their national work. Yet it is evident now that all the time they were fretting over their freedom, for to-day our women are incarcerating themselves in sheath-skirts that can only be described as half a trouser. I saw Miss Elizabeth Asquith in one of these short-tube frocks the other day in Bond Street, and marvelled how she contrived to walk. Miss Joy Ryde tells me that walking in the new tight skirts with any appearance of ease is much harder to

learn than mastering the jazz. I can well believe her.

All the Asquith Mr. Asquith. set has brightened up wonderfully since the sensational Hull election. Cavendish Square is still the Mecca of the faithful, who report to me that the "old man" is looking in splendid health and spirits. I had five minutes with him myself, and thought he had aged since last year, although he is bronzed and cheerful. I asked him if he would make any statement as to his future plans. "I have never given an interview to an English newspaper in my life," said Mr. Asquith, pursing up his lips in characteristic style as he stood on the hearthrug before the fire, "and I never shall." Why is it that English statesmen of the old school only give interviews to foreign journalists? Why is it etiquette to

HOLING IN. John, what is the matter with Baby now?'
'I don't know what to do with him, Mother. He's dug a hole and wants to bring it into the house," "-Daily Paper.

unburden one's soul to an American newspaper man, but infra dig. to speak to an English one? Now there is a rumour about that Mr. Asquith will be the first President of the League of Nations. If so, he will need all his diplomacy and reserves of

> " I think she is a The New Pyjama verydelightfulgirl, Fringe. with a perfect taste in dress," I said as I munched my first cream-bun of the season at Rumpelmayer's. My remark was intended to be provocative, and it almost made my little friend Miss Joy Ryde swallow a cream-bun in its squashy entirety. "A perfect taste in dress!" she gasped. "Why, Viccy is always a year or so behind the fashions. How funny you men are to think a girl like

Victoria well dressed! Why, she is as out of date as her name. Do you know-of course, you don't know; but I'll tell you. Victoria hasn't got any fringes on her pyjamas! Just think of it!" This terrible revelation certainly startled me, but not in the way that Joy had intended. I was startled to find that women, besides enduring the unnecessary discomfort of pyjamas, should endure additional discomfort by adding floppy fringes to these garments.

King Edward's I suppose pyjamas are a necessity of View. modern life. Why, I can't say, but their vivid and generally discordant colours stare at me in a sort of futuristic motley from the windows of most of the men's shops this spring. It is pleasant to reflect, when the eye is affronted by these half-harlequin, half-football-shirt atrocities, that King Edward has been spared the spectacle. Progressive in most things, King Edward set his face steadfastly against pyjamas. One of the oldest tradesmen who served his Majesty-he is still alive, and well enough to contemplate a book of Reminiscences—once ventured to suggest very delicately a set of finely wrought silk pyjamas to the



"I have a temperament; so have you; so have all golf-players."-George

had been too

dreadful to risk

late King. His Majesty, with a smile, studied the articles in much the same way as he might have regarded some exhibit in

who occasionally loses

his memory and himself.

But he is a music-lover,

so when he is lost his

an exhibition of curiosities, and sadly shook

his head.

Princess Arthur of Con-Opera-Lovers. naught is taking a keen interest in the Opera just now. I have seen her there on several occasions with Prince Arthur, who is evidently being initiated in the cult of music. The Princess is favouring just now one of the prevalent scarlet frocks. Priscilla Countess of Annesley, the Marchioness Townshend, and Lady Randolph Churchill are also opera-goers. I hear that the Beecham season at Drury Lane is beating all records so far as the box-office is concerned, which goes to prove that, if only a select few appreciate the beauties of opera, they are at least constant in their attendance. I know of a certain gentleman, for instance,



APPOINTED PROFES SIONAL AT THE SCARBOROUGH GOLF CLUB: TOM BECK, LATE OF THE NEW-LANDS GOLF CLUB, HULL. AND FORM ERLY ASSISTANT AT FILEY.

Photograph by Sport and General.

DECORATED THE CROSS OF THE SERBIAN RED CROSS SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN: MISS AUGUSTA GROSSMAN,

COLISEUM

OFFICE. Miss Grossman has also received from the Society the diploma for meri-

Photograph by Sport and General.

relatives simply wait for him at the Opera. He always turns up in time.

A Grumble. we accept Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's view of all that is wrong with it. He growls, "Too many grumblers, too many people finding

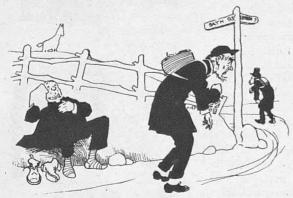
journalists, too many critics, too many drum - thumping martyrs, too many Mrs. Gummidges ,feeling it more,' too many sneering, too many people shouting abuse, too many people spitting venom, too many people seeing evil, too many people who know everything, too much hate, too much scorn, not enough

that 's all that 's wrong with the world.'

Necessary, First. She is a girl, she is also only five, but she is logical. Her governess laboriously explained the first principles of morality, which also covered the doctrine of repentance—" What must you do before you can have your sins forgiven?" asked the governess. Doris firmly.

I hear from Copenhagen that the King of Royal Favours. Denmark, who will pay an official visit to London shortly, has ordered no fewer than 400 crosses of the Dannebrog Order to take away with him. It is doubtful, however, whether the entire stock of royal favours is to descend upon the breasts of loyal Londoners, for King Christian is also booked for visits to Paris and Brussels, and probably The Hague as well. Share equally, that makes only 100 decorations for England.

No Royal Ocean Road. In 1875, Christian IX. and Queen Louise, parents of Queen Alexandra, crossed the North Sea in the Dannebrog, and encountered the roughest passage



THERE ARE OTHER STOPPING PLACES.

"A number of preachers and evangelists will on Good Friday begin to walk from Bath to London, holding wayside services. Their plans include stopping-places at Corsham, Calne, Marlborough, Hungerford, Newbury, Reading, and Windsor."-Daily Paper.



of the world if the MANAGERESS OF THE Oueen were to

*torious services.

This world of ours must be an unhappy place if

fault, too many scolding kindness, not enough hope-

FAMOUS LAWN-TENNIS PLAYER'S SON: MASTER R. J. RITCHIE, WITH MASTER J. E. R. LANCASTER. Photograph by Sport and General.

"Sin," replied

known within a

century. They

were on a visit to the Prince

and Princess of

Wales, and were fêted a good

deal by loyal

Londoners at the time. When

the hour of departure arrived,

the old Queen of Denmark ab-

solutely refused

to return in the Dannebrog. Her

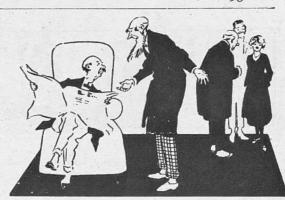
last experience

habit of

"sleeping on" a perplexing problem has disappeared? Even the phrase is almost dead. I am reminded of the phrase by a question from the late Duke of Argyll's own account of how Disraeli offered him the Governor - Generalship of Canada. "The Queen . . . after sleeping on it, was quite in favour of the proposal," said Disraeli. Once upon a time nobody gave a decision without "sleeping on" it. A business man told me yesterday that half the City wouldn't know what you meant if you said you would "sleep on" a thing. It must be "Yes" or "No" within a few seconds

THE WORLDLING.

to-day.



"In a club where one of the girls on the staff was leaving, an elderly Scot, approaching another member, said: 'Come and have a word with ——; I'm sure she'll be glad to say good-bye to ye.'"—Daily Paper.

boycott her own yacht. So poor old Queen Louise had to go.

In an old-fashioned hostelry in Kensington Perfect Faith. there is an old customer's bill framed. It contains charges for light, attendance, wine, punch, and is dated 1789. The lady in charge explains blandly that this bill was sent up to Dick Whittington one night when he stopped in the house. You may point out, if you like, that, according to the date of the bill, Whittington had been dead for centuries when it was tendered, but she will not believe you. She will simply smile blandly, and say to you, "That was Dick Whittington's bill." She has been told this, and she believes it im-

plicitly. She has the perfect faith, to which dates and facts mean nothing. Many a

A Bachelor

Girl's Reflections. rags coat of hides an honest heart, but no coat of paint ever hid an honest wrinkle. It's a wise girl who prefers losing an argument to losing a sweetheart. Any woman can get along without a husband nowadays; it's getting along with one that is the real test of character. The reason a man so often proposes marriage to a fool is because he can't think of any other way

to pass the time while in her company. The easiest way to make a small boy take medicine is to forbid him to

touch it; and the most effective way to make a man talk of love is to forbid him to speak It is not often in these

SOLDIER PRESENTED TO LADY PATRICIA BY Or MEN RAMSAY BY OF FICERS AND MEN OF THE P.P.C.L.I. Photograph by Photopress,

FROM PRINCESS

JOHN TWEED'S STATUE OF A

TYPICAL CANADIAN

PAT'S OWN:

To Memory Dear. days that we find any real humour in the interrupters of political meetings. There are exceptions, however. "A man is soon forgotten after he's dead," said a Socialist speaker at Stratford on an evening last week. "Not if you marry his widow, guv'nor," cried a voice from the crowd.



EMERITUS: SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE LEFT), EX-ORGANIST OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY, AND LADY BRIDGE (RIGHT), WITH CANDLESTICKS PRESENTED BY THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER (CENTRE). Photograph by G.P.U.

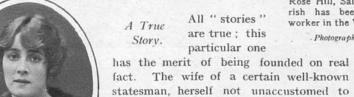
"Sleep on It." Has it ever occurred to you how the old-fashioned



T takes more than the repeated assurances of those in authority that there will be no "holiday facilities" to check the Easter-holiday habit, which is almost as ingrained in the

constitution of the British matron as the springcleaning one. Even the war could not entirely check the Easter exodus, and the first "peace" one saw a pre-war rush of holiday-makers helping to make travelling more difficult for those who daily endure the discomforts of carriages crowded to suffocation.

The crowds, however, helped Good Temper. to demonstrate the fact that John Bull and his "Missus" are the best-tempered folk alive. Years of congested carriages seem to have brought about the disappearance of the selfish traveller whose one object appeared to be to appropriate as much room as possible and keep it against all comers. Seaside resorts have come into their own, and East Coast towns report "all rooms booked" with a cheerfulness to which they were strangers a year ago. One wonders whether those who "discovered" the merits of British wateringplaces during war-time will remember them when access to their own pet foreign spa becomes an easy matter once more.



the fierce light of publicity, encountered a friend of the writer at no fewer than three famous dress establishments in the course of a single morning's shopping. Said the wife of the statesman, "We do seem to be running across each other-I hope you're not a lady detective." "How curious that you should say so," replied the unknown humble one: "I was

just thinking the same thing about you." Quite quick, was it not?

NEW PORTRAIT :

LADY ST. OSWALD.

We give a hitherto un-

published portrait of Lady St. Oswald, wife of the 3rd

Baron. Before her marriage Lady St. Oswald was Miss Evie Carew Greene, daughter of Mr. Charles Greene. She has a son, born in 1916.

Photograph by Speaight.

An April Bride. Lady Blanche Cavendish has no mind to be included in the list of brides-of whom there are always a few-who choose the "unlucky" month for their wedding, and has fixed hers with Captain Ivan Cobbold for the end of April. Circumstances have been such as to prevent both the Cavendish girls being married from their father's famous house in Piccadilly. Lady Maud was married in Canada; Lady Blanche is to be launched on her matrimonial career from stately Lansdowne House, from whose windows one gets a glimpse of the garden that makes Devonshire House the most attractive residence in London. However, the bride-elect has nothing of which to complain. Lansdowne House is something more than a cottage, and gossip is already busy with whispers of a function suited to the importance of the first social event to be held there since war broke out.



ENGAGED: MISS SHEILA MORRISH.

Miss Sheila Morrish, whose engagement to Major Warwick Pascoe Grenfell, M.C., R.G.A., is announced, is a daughter of the late Captain W. D. Morrish, R.N., and Mrs. Morrish, 16, Hayes Crescent, Golders Green. Major Grenfell is a son of Mr. H. O. Grenfell, J.P., and the late Mrs. Grenfell, of Rose Hill, Saltash. Miss Morrish has been an energetic worker in the Women's Legion.

. Photograph by Bassano.



TO BE MARRIED TO-MORROW: MISS RITA ROSE,

Miss Rita Rose, whose marriage to Mr. J. S. I. Alison, Coldstream Guards, only son of Mr. J. Alison, of Sydney, Australia, and 9, Burton Court, Chelsea, is arranged to take place to-morrow (April 24), at Holy Trinity Church, Chelsea, is the eldest daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Hugh Rose, of Knocke, Belgium.

Photograph by Vandyk.

In the Country.

Lord and Lady Cowdray must be included in the throng of holiday-makers, and have gone to Paddockhurst.

In the case of her Ladyship a holiday is, I

imagine, something in the nature of a necessity as well as a pleasure. The Armistice did not immediately bring Lady Cowdray release from all the war duties she voluntarily undertook. There are, I imagine, some from which she has not yet been demobbed." At one time she held, and possibly still does hold, the record for honorary treasurerships. The position may have been honorary; the work was something more than a mere sinecure. Lady Cowdray enjoys the reputation of being a "celebrated Society hostess"; she is also a real "worker," and a practical woman of affairs. How she contrived to steer to success the many charities with which she allowed her name to be associated is her own secret. So, too, is her recipe for looking cheerful while doing - or perhaps the secret lay in the cheeriness; but that is Lady Cowdray's own

Her Own 1dea. To Lady Cowdray also belongs the distinction of having installed a model farm in the Mall, and a model

dairy almost in full view of Buckingham Palace. In those days Carlton House Terrace looked on amazed while a hay-

munching Jersey cow chewed peacefully on the spot where lovely women walked in the days before "Society" forgot

frivolity and went awar-working, and hens clucked as contentedly as if they had acres instead of a few square yards for exercise. Cart - horses and modern dairymaids helped to introduce a further air of realism; but the affair was something more than a "Society stunt." It was intended to show, at a time when folks were reluctant to believe it.



ENGAGED: MISS FREDA HILL.

Miss Freda Hill, whose engagement to Mr. J. Bradshaw-Isherwood, third son of Mr. J. H. Bradshaw-Isherwood, of Marple Hall, Cheshire, is announced, is the younger daughter of the Rev. F. Hill, Rector of Shere, Surrey.

Photograph by Bassano.

that the performance of farm-work was something well within the capacity of women.

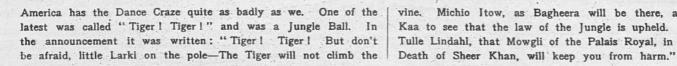
In the Limelight. Handsome actors and beautiful actresses are said to be covetous of being in the limelight, and it is very intelligible that they should, as publicity and popularity depend largely upon it. In a minor degree, a little list might be drawn up of publicists and politicians who share the same weakness. But to many their limelight isolation is a greatness "thrust upon them." Such a man as the Prime Minister, for instance, cannot avoid the publicity which is part of the penalty of his position. Happily for him, he is ready-witted, ready-tongued, and quite equal to any position in which he may find himself. His wonderful gift of adaptability to any circumstances, and his good temper and ready wit in meeting even enemies, are some of the most valuable assets in his possession; and never were such assets of more value in the kaleidoscopic world of politics than they are in these exciting times.

FANCY-DRESS BALL CRAZE: AN AMERICAN VERSION.

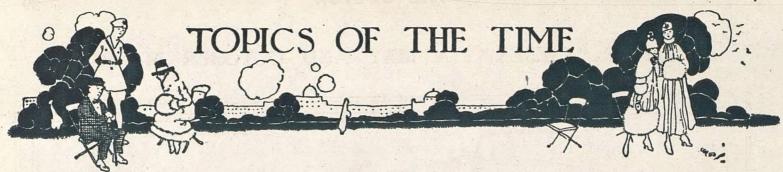




"Tiger! Tiger!"-The Jungle Ball: Bulle Dindahl and Michio Itow in a Fantastic Dance.



vine. Michio Itow, as Bagheera will be there, and Baloo and Kaa to see that the law of the Jungle is upheld. And beautiful Tulle Lindahl, that Mowgli of the Palais Royal, in her dance, the



THOSE among us with country cottages went off to them over the Easter week-end to see how the fowls were getting along. Fortunately, we bought the poultry papers on the way, and were thus able to ask fairly sane questions about them of the farrier's daughter's eldest boy, who looks after them for us. . . . And mine weren't laying, either!

Daphne and I together vowed we'd eat no Easter eggs in town, but go to where our pullets proud clucked boastfully of shells of brown. No chalky sweetstuff eggs for us, crosswise with paper ribbon tied, and all that ornamental fuss, but one with nourishment inside; or, if the hens were laying well, perhaps a couple—who can tell?

Alas for all the tips and tests of "Poultry Culture in the Home"! For all we found were empty nests, despite each pullet's crimson comb! Despite, as well, the bills for maize, for bonemeal, middlings, grain, and rice, for meatmeal (on alternate days), for shell-grit, and for Karswood Spice! 'Tis strange that eggs should be so few when neighbours mind your hens for you!

As I dare say you have noticed lately at odd times—and in odd places—the mosquitoes have already arrived. They are very tiresome in Norfolk, especially near the water; and I am told that, at an Easter house-party Wroxham way, the guests were continually retiring to their respective bedrooms to shake out their clothes. Can this, or something like this, have been the origin of the American dance introduced into the London Pavilion entertainment by



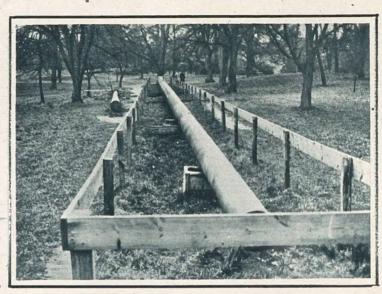
AN ADMIRING GROUP: THE CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND
. AND "HOUSEHOLD" ADMIRE PATRICIA.

The Chief Secretary for Ireland, the Right Hon. James Ian Macpherson, P.C., has been presented by his wife with a little daughter, whom they have named Patricia—a very Irish as well as pretty name. Our photograph shows the Chief Secretary and "household" paying tribute to the baby on the lawn of his Irish residence.—[Photograph by C.N.]

Delysia—the "Shimmy Shake"? Let us speculate, prettily and quite reverently, upon the birth of the "S.S."

You know about the origin of London's latest dance? The explanation 's entertaining quite! It seems that little Daphne, by some disagreeable chance, got worried by a gnatty little bite. She rushed upstairs and slipped her frock and danced about the floor, and shook her things till arms began to ache; and someone (let us hope her maid) beheld behind the door the birth of the delightful Shimmy Shake!

A contemporary informs its readers—I am unable to say on what or whose authority—that the seasons are steadily shifting round into one another's places, and that, while this change is going on, we are bound to experience, from time to time, days made up



A 214-FT. FLAGSTAFF FOR PEACE DAY: A GIFT FROM BRITISH COLUMBIA, AT KEW GARDENS.

The British Columbian Government has presented to Kew Gardens (where it is being erected by Canadians), the great flagstaff seen in our photograph. It weighs eighteen tons, and is 214 feet long. Its first duty will probably be that of flying the Flag of Victory and Peace in the forthcoming Peace celebrations.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

of contributions from spring, summer, autumn, and winter. What a really horrible outlook for the sentimental ballad-monger!

We walked on that December night within a garden fair, where roses red were in the white of snow-beds everywhere. The March wind blew upon our brows, the April grass was wet, when you and I exchanged the vows that all of us forget!

'Twas here, 'twas here, my dearest dear, we came to greet the May, while chill October leaves were sere, and all the world was gay! The black, bare arms of blighted oaks embraced the summer scene, and little birds chirped naughty jokes to spring-time's budding green! So we will linger here and love, and love and linger here, despite the frowning clouds above in skies serene and clear! Our love shall be a lasting June, for ever fair and warm, with certain signs around the moon that herald hail and storm!

Enter the narcissus—but what a staggering price per bunch! How the flower "girls" of Piccadilly Circus and Charing Cross find the capital for their stock is one of London's profoundest commercial mysteries. And I wonder as well if any of these "girls" know the story of the Narcissus? Daphne knows. She touches them with such reverence, and looks into their eyes with such tenderness. . . . What is the story? Shame!

Well, Narcissus, you know, was a beautiful youth who beheld in a fountain his face; and with this fell in love, for he thought ('tis the truth) it was that of the Nymph of the place. Making fruitless attempts the sweet vision to kiss, poor Narcissus at last in despair cried "Without her I die!"—and, to illustrate this, took and killed himself dead then and there. Then (according to Ovid) the nymphs went to burn the dead body; but—mystical pow'r!—on the spot where he died they could only discern this deliciously delicate flower!

A FABIAN "CÆSAR": A MAY AND OCTOBER MARRIAGE.



CÆSAR'S WIFE": (L. TO R.) MISS EVA MOORE, MRS. ROBERT BROUGH, MR. AUBREY SMITH AS SIR ARTHUR LITTLE, MR. G. C. DESPLAS AS OSMAN PASHA, MISS FAY COMPTON AS VIOLET.





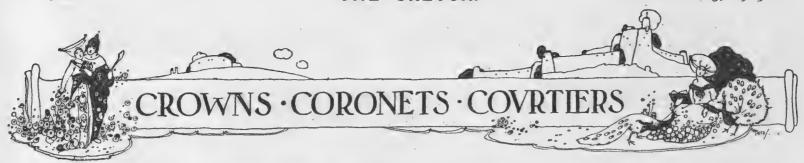
THE LOVERS: MR. GEORGE RELPH AS RONALD PARRY AND MISS FAY COMPTON AS LADY LITTLE.



"CÆSAR" AND HIS WIFE: MISS FAY COMPTON AS VIOLET AND MR. AUBREY SMITH AS SIR ARTHUR LITTLE.

The title of Mr. Somerset Maugham's new comedy, "Cæsar's odd, and an old story is re-told. Violet, finding her husband Wife," at the Royalty, at once suggests that it concerns a lady who must be "above suspicion." The lady in this case is at Cairo. It has been a marriage of May and October, or, in

apparently cold and pre-occupied with official affairs, turns for solace and romance to his young secretary, Ronald Parry. Even Violet, the young wife of Sir Arthur Little, British Consul General when Violet, afraid of the consequences, confesses to her husband, and begs him to have Ronald transferred elsewhere, "Cæsar" other words, of "sweet and twenty" with the gravity of forty- maintains his Fabian tactics and plays a waiting game. He



EWELS were plentiful and prominent among Lady Lavinia Spencer's wedding-presents, and in her Botticellian dress she gave promise of being able to carry them very becomingly. But how seldom during the last few years has she worn, or looked as if she would care to wear, even a moderate ration of pearls or diamonds! Early in the war she learned shorthand and typewriting, and clicked away on her machine with fingers innocent of

rings. Later, she drove a V.A.D. car, and wore the appropriate garments. In between times, her costume has been that of a Girl-Guide. But it is proper that a daughter of the immaculate Earl should possess a jewel-case, and open it upon occasion. He himself has set an example as far as he was able—with tie-pins!

Chesterfield Out of Rumours of the disposal of Chesterfield House

remind me that many of the books sold as "the property of a nobleman" last week at Sotheby's bore the arms of Philip Earl of Chesterfield. They were good books, interesting to the collector; but could the Lord Chesterfield of the "Letters" have heard the prices bid for them, he would have been moved to "When you return moralising. here," he wrote to his much-advised son in 1750, "you will find something better to do than to run to Mr. Osborne's at Gray's Inn to pick up scarce books. . . . Take care not to understand title-pages and editions too well. It always smells

of pedantry and not always of learning. Beware of the bibliomanie." How directly that teaching is opposed to the fashion of this age one can realise almost any afternoon in the Bond Street auction room.

Seeing London. How well one remembers the discovery that the best way of seeing London was from the top of a 'bus. "Exhilarating" was the word! One could see the sunset, that way, at the end of Oxford Street as it had never been seen before; one could look down on the city as one had never looked



OUT FOR A RIDE IN THE ROW: MISS LAWRENCE SMITH, MRS. CHAPMAN, AND MISS COLQUHOUN.

Photograph by Sport and General.

down at it from the lowly hansomcab; or, later, the lowlier Rolls-Royce. And yet it must be admitted that the Prince of Wales and Lady Joan Mulholland, and the party that hovered over the roofs of Mayfair last Wednesday, have gone one better.

Carrying His Years Lightly.

The notion that an aeroplane

should carry very little weight in the matter of years does not hold in the case of Admiral Sir Mark Kerr. He is fifty-five; has the rare distinction of having secured his pilot's certificate before the war; is a poet and essayist, and the friend, or used to be, of something like a dozen European rulers. The "used to be" is

called for. He stayed with the Kaiser at Corfu, and with Tino in Greece, and was well known at the Courts of Russia, Turkey, and Austria, and, even now that he has discarded enemy honours, remains one of the most heavily decorated men in England. His decorations would be quite as unnegotiable in the air as Colonel Seely's top-hat—which, by the way, and despite the reports, he did not wear on his flight to the House last week! Sir Mark's

decorations seldom appear in public; but he is a noticeable enough figure without them, and probably receives as many salutes during a walk from Piccadilly to the Royal Aero Club as any other officer in the Services.

That a man of Who Can Fly? fifty-five should more than hold his own in the air helps to discredit the cut-and-dried regulations regarding the award of certificates. Now that the Air Board will not hold a monopoly in such matters there is a good deal of talk of the necessity of stringent examination and the "plucking" of civilian applications. Doubtless that is wise in a general way. But all examining bodies make such crass mistakes that one is occasionally apt to think them useless. For one thing, ordinary flying is easy, and most men can learn it; another thing is that the brilliant flier is difficult to recognise before he has proved himself, and may well be passed over by a rule-of-thumb committee. A perfectly good M.O. said of one of our most famous

Army aviators that he was likely to be a danger to himself and every-body else if he were granted a certificate. I believe the flyer in question rather enjoys the joke of that verdict now, although it was very inconvenient at the time. And yet there was a dash of truth in it: he proved very dangerous to the Huns.

Trying Rugby. Beware the pulpit, unless you are a practised pulpiteer. Or, at any rate, avoid a chapel or a cathedral if, being a mere soldier, you are called upon to

speak in public. That, at least, was Sir Hamilton's decision after delivering his memorial address Rupert on Brookein Rugby Chapel. He had a pillar in front, and most of his audience behind him. Moreover, surroundthe ings called for the impressive intonations associated with the reading of the Lessons, and Sir Ian's voice



IN THE ROW: MAJOR F. DE CHAMPTASSE, OF THE FRENCH CAVALRY, MASTERS ROBERT AND PETER STILL, GRANDSONS OF LORD LATYMER, AND MISS CALEY ROBINSON.

Photograph by Sport and General.

is of another sort. But he may be consoled by the thought that his address, as it appeared in the papers, was better reading than any sermon. The subject, too, naturally inspired the keenest interest. Such poets as Rupert Brooke are rare.



THE HULL WINNER WITH HIS FAMILY: LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER J. M. KENWORTHY, R.N.

The winner of the bye-election at Central Hull, Lieutenant-Commander the Hon. Joseph Montagu Kenworthy, R.N., is the heir to the ninth Baron Strabolgi, whose title was called out of abeyance in 1916. The Hon. Mrs. Kenworthy was, before her marriage, Miss Doris Whitley-Thomson, daughter of Sir Frederick W. Whitley-Thomson, and she has two little sons and a daughter. The voting for Central Hull was: Commander J. Kenworthy (Free Liberal), 8616; Lord Eustace Percy (Co.-Un.), 7699.

Photograph by Swaine.

"ABOVE SUSPICION" TO HER HUSBAND: "CÆSAR'S WIFE."



A YOUNG WIFE WHO FALLS IN LOVE WITH HER HUSBAND'S SECRETARY: MISS FAY COMPTON AS VIOLET IN "CAESAR'S WIFE," AT THE ROYALTY. Continued.]

urges the claims of duty, and tells her that "only the unworthy | that she has only been flirting, is left in the arms of her husband. are broken by unhappiness." Eventually, Ronald meets another attraction, and Violet, having dismissed him with the pretence | plays charmingly as Violet...

Mr. Aubrey Smith makes an ideal "Cæsar," and Miss Fay Compton



And so, messieurs 'dames, it is too late, one supposes, to wish you a merry Lent and a Happy New Easter. Never mind. We will make a real effort to get well on the target next time with seasonable greetings for Whitsuntide. Meanwhile you should proceed with all those cocoa-nuts that you won on the Spaniards-Jack Straw's Castle front last Monday afternoon, and finish off the long-postponed digestion of Friday's hot (and in happy peace-time no longer Red) Cross buns. Ay de mi! Easter is over and the season—the season, the first in five years—is about to begin, or (as some authorities prefer it) to commence. This time we have really and truly—quite apart from the exigencies of finding something

exceptionally exciting to tell you all—reached a Crisis and a Turningpoint. You all know what a Turning-point is, don't you? It is a Nexciting Event that takes place (or happens, as the case may be) in the Observer newspaper every Sunday morning about breakfast time; and in general appearance it is rather like a Parting of the Ways. And the Turning-point is this way: my lords and gentlemen (Voice: "Sit down in front there, and don't breathe through your nose-we can't hear what the pretty gentleman with his mouth open is trying to say'') the Season of Nineteen-nineteen is just about to begin. So walk up!

And it is the broth of a season entirely, what with daylightsaving and night-lightsaving, and the shocking introduction of side-drums into dance music, and the matrimonial fandango of Miss Elizabeth Asquith on her way to becoming Princess or (if a political crisis in Roumania renders it really inevitable) Queen Elizabeth. She has denied the rumours as to her weddingdress. Later: she has confirmed the rumours

as to her wedding-dress. Anyway, there is to be a wedding-dress to some considerable purpose, and there are rumours about it. There are also presents (and rumours about them), and there will probably be a ceremony—with rumours about it. Somewhere in the middle distance (this, Gentle Reader, is an exclusive rumour, special to this admirable periodical) there will be, if our information can be relied on, a bridegroom: no further information on this subject was available up to the moment of going to Press. Meanwhile this magnificent and concerted dive into publicity on the part of the Old Gang is one of the most obvious reasons for the judicious action of our far-sighted masters in

appointing a Royal Commission to investigate conditions in the paper trade. If Master Anthony were to start Walking Out or Keeping Company or any of those other seasonable pursuits of young men in the spring, the national supplies of paper-making materials would probably give one faint squeak and peter out.

Students of the problematical must have been delighted the other evening by the intriguing spectacle of the Hon. John Collier problem-gazing at Mr. Somerset Maugham's succès d'escrime in Dean Street. The psychological gyrations of "Cæsar's Wife" (who was hardly so far above suspicion as one might have expected) provide a cheerful

entertainment, however little the husbands present may have sympathised with the terrific strength and silence—the latter expressed in lots of lovely long speechesof the mari incompris on the stage. He was, in general outline, a most interesting throwback to the Seton Merriman line of heroes that thrilled our young bones in horse - omnibus the epoch; and the bloodcurdling announcement that "the official in me makes decisions automatically" drew cheers sympathetic from rows and rows of official automata who were sitting exhausted in the stalls to recuperate after a gruelling day spent in making such decisions as "Passed to you for consideration and necessary action, please," and "Mr. Heckmondwike, do you concur? If so, we have no objection in principle."



IN THE MUSICAL VERSION OF "MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE": MISS MAGGIE TEYTE AS THE HEROINE AND MR. MARION GREEN AS THE HERO.

It was arranged to produce "Monsieur Beaucaire," in musical form, at the Prince's, on Saturday. It had its first production, at Birmingham, on April 7. The score is by M. Messager; the libretto, by Mr. Frederic Lonsdale.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]

But it was a Real Play: it must have been, because it bore no faintest shadow of a relation to real life—any ordinary human being under the same distressing circumstances would probably have sacked his secretary, kicked the

cat, beaten his wife, and got on with the war. And the ladies of the cast (this is really somebody else's affair; but one can't help having eyes, even if one isn't a Fashion Expert with a page to herself) were simply covered with those adorable fringes that catch so exquisitely on to door-knobs and waist-coat-buttons and things, and make contemporary charmers look so beautifully like pianos of the middle 'Nineties draped with Aunty's shawl. They are really delightful things, even if cake-baskets do catch in them and tilt up sideways, emptying things all over the floor. And Miss Fay Compton dressed charmingly in silver paper for a dance.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE WALLET."



VERY POPULAR, AND A CLEVER WRITER: THE BARONESS GLENCONNER.

Lady Glenconner is the wife of Baron Glenconner, and was, before | Mrs. Lionel Tennyson, and three sons living. Her eldest son, the Hon. her marriage, immensely popular in Society as Miss Pamela Geneviève | Edward Wyndham Tennant, was a Lieutenant in the Grenadier Wyndham, daughter of the late Hon. Percy Scawen Wyndham, a

Guards, and was killed in action in the European War, in 1916. son of the third Baron Leconfield. She has a daughter, the Hon. | Lady Glenconner is author of "The White Wallet" and other works.

"HOLIDAYS" AND OPERATIC JAZZERS:



I. AS ST. PATRICK'S DAY: MISS JESSIE BARLOW.

2. AS ST. VALENTINE'S DAY: MISS MABEL GRANVILL

5. AS NEW YEAR'S DAY: MISS EDITH ASHLEY.

6. AS LA TOSCA : MI C

A BEVY OF BELLES IN "JOY-BELLS."



3. AS GUY FAWKES DAY: MISS LENA BLADES.

4. AS FAUST: MISS MABEL GRANVILLE.

CYNTHIA CAMBRIDGE.

7. AS THE EASTER GIRL: MISS IDA HASTINGS.

striking dresses worn in two of the scenes, one entitled "Holidays" and another called "The Banquet Hall," in which the principal feature well-known opera characters.—[Photographs by Stage Photo. Co.]

By PHYLLIS MONKMAN.

EASTERS come and Easters go—but Dancing goes on for ever! At least, so it seems in these strenuous days.

We have just got through a Lent that has probably seen more feet threading more miles of polished boards than have ever been trodden in Lents long past. And with Easter, just over, has come a positive orgy of dancing, revelled in by dancers old and young.

Of course, it is been a record Easter. And, by the same token, it has been a record of crowded dancing days and nights. We have danced till early morning, slept a few swift hours, and danced again before the breakfast-eggs were cold. Every seaside hotel has been packed. Every attractive holiday spot, big or small, has turned away hundreds of would-be holiday-makers. And everywhere there has been dancing!

A girl I know rang me up to say she had just managed to squeeze sleeping space out of a quite tiny country hotel—"But, my dear, they 've got two dances—one on Easter Saturday and the other on Monday; so what *does* it matter if I do have to sleep in an attic?" Well—I don't know . . .

The Easter dancing boom in London was launched on the Friday before Holy Week by the opening of the new Piccadilly Hotel ball-room with a fancy-dress ball which was to benefit the National Milk Hostels. And before we danced in fancy costume to de Groot's wonderful band we had the additional thrill of knowing that this opening of a new ball-room was the work of Mr. C. B. Cochran and

Mr. Herman Darewski, who will hereafter run those thes dansants of which I wrote last week, and also evening dances, to which the admission price is fifteen shillings.

Thus does the theatrical manager take his permanent place in the Dancing Days and Nights of our lil' old town—and why not? Of all people, he probably knows best how to cater for and satisfy the dancing needs of the public.

At the "opening" of this new ball-room, charming and gracious as always, Irene Vanbrugh came hurrying all the way from "two shows a night" at a music-hall to judge the fancy dresses. Ladv Maud Warrender, the Countess of Clonmell, and half the theatrical world were there, all dancing vigor-



"JOY-BELLS!" AT THE HIPPODROME:

MISS PHYLLIS BEDELLS.

Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.

ously. It was a happy night — and a happy idea that ought to lead to great things.

Hot on the heels of Mr. Cochran comes Mr. Albert de Courville, who now lets us know that he is the purchaser of the one-time Four Hundred Club, late Martan's, edging Bond Street and Piccadilly.

Mr. de Courville feels that London needs a really first-class dancing club, where the music will be wonderful, the food unbeatable, and the entrance conditions sufficiently strong to make it a rendezvous for the really right set—a dancing set that puts up to-day with much that it would not

otherwise tolerate.

In opening this club, Mr. de Courville intends to cater expressly for the needs of dancers; and, as he is bringing along the famous Dixie-Land Band from the Hippodrome-that band which many papers have described as capable of making one's feet itch to be dancing-the thing sounds an assured success. Incidentally, hear the club is to be called the "Dixie Club." I wonder if this title will be, like others we know of, subject to change?

On the top of his purchase of the ex-Four Hundred, "A. de C." has burst forth as a giver of fancydress balls. He



"JOY-BELLS!" AT THE HIPPODROME:
MISS ANITA ELSON.
Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

announces a "Joy Bells" fancy-dress ball at Prince's to-morrow (Wednesday), and there will be found all the Hippodrome stars, and more than most of theatrical and social London, if the committee is anything to go by. Miss Margaret Chute is the organiser of the ball, and from her I understand that eleventh-hour tickets may be obtained, with luck, at the Hippodrome box-office. The Dixie-Land Jazz Band is to be there—incidentally, this is the first ball at which this band has played.

That alone ought to bring a huge crowd to Prince's; and I hear that positive masses of R.A.F. people are to be there. Keen dancers, most of our flying folk, including no less a personality than the Prince of Wales.

London will be full of dance fixtures, public and private, for the next nine weeks or so of crowded life and gaiety. At the Albert Hall the "Women's Ball," to be held on Wednesday, May 28, is already arousing lots of interest. It is in aid of the Chelsea Hospital for Women, and is known as the "Women's Ball" because only the weaker sex are represented on the committee. But their names alone, out of sheer perversity, prove their strength. The Duchess of Somerset, the Countess of Ilchester, Miss Lilian Braithwaite, and Mrs. John Latta are only a few of the popular women interested in this ball, which ought to be of great help to a very deserving cause.

After that, I hear rumours of a big ball to be given, also at the Albert Hall, on Derby Day, Wednesday, June 4. The cause and other details are secrets so far, but I know enough to prophesy that it ought to be one of the best and most successful balls of the year. Fancy-dress, of course; so get out your prettiest costumes, and prepare to plunge round that amazing floor to the music of the best dance-band in London. Eight times round the Albert Hall floor to a mile, isn't it? Oh, dear! Prepare for a great pedestriancum-fox-trot contest.

THE FAMILY ALBUM COME TO LIFE-IN "JOY-BELLS!"



^{1. &}quot;1860": MISS WINNIE MELVILLE AND MR. H. FINE. 2. "1870": MISS MABEL JONES AND MR. PHILIP LESTER.
3. "1880": MISS DAPHNE POLLARD AND MR. F. ALLANDALE. 4. "1890": MISS ANITA ELSON AND MR. LEON ERROL.

[&]quot;Joy-Bells!" the new and excellent revue at the London Hippodrome, is full of "stunts" (we don't like the word, but it is Studio." An amusing scene between photographer and sitters, Photographs by Stage Photo. Co. (Continued overled).

DOWRY OF VENUS—ON BEAUTY COMPETITIONS.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. (Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

HEN a beautiful girl is sad, she looks at herself in the glass and feels comforted. When a beautiful girl is poor, she shrugs her perfect shoulders, knowing full well that the fine frame will soon come for the fine picture. When a beautiful girl is love-sick, she can choose her own tender doctor. When a beautiful girl is ill-dressed, it can only dim but not hide her beauty. When a beautiful girl is

stupid, no man perceives it, and women are thought to be envious when they whisper "But what a fool!" Inanities coming from admirable lips are not termed inanities, but adorable naïvetés. When a beautiful girl is lonely-but that, of course, is an im-

To be wealthy is good, to be healthy is better, but to be beautiful is to be both. And to give a prize to the beautiful is to give money to the rich. Beauty competitions are interesting and stimulating; but to reward Beauty for being Beauty is one of the many major cases of injustice of Life and Man. Have Beauty Shows, by all means, and crown the winner, gaze on her, follow her, study her, derive inspiration from her, sow all over the world picture replicas of her perfect profile, place her in a social position that will enable the greatest number to ennoble their ideals for having seen her, and then-give the £500, or whatever the prize be, to the plainest woman that can be found. It should not be difficult to find a very ugly woman, but to pick the ugliest from legions would, alas! not be easy.

Such a consolation prize would not give the plain girl happiness, but it might enable her to buy its twin-sister Illusion, and could cer-

tainly procure her comfort and pleasure. Becoming clothes would be hers, and beautiful hats, veils that fulfil their mission, dainty shoes and silk stockings, and supple satin stays, white hands and welltrimmed nails, and hair skilfully dressed, 0

perfumes that lend poetry, powder that flatters the face. Butwould the plainest girl come forward and prove her claim to the prize?

was no longer

with him."

The National Sunday League gave an interesting concert at the Alhambra on April 6 in aid of the Scottish Women's Hospitals

Memorial to Dr. Elsie Inglis. The Scottish women, under the patronage of H.R.H. Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, hope to establish a medical training centre in Serbia.

Miss Geneviève Ward, more energetic than ever, recited "The Convict Women of Port Blair," and received several rounds of

perfervid applause; Aileen D'Orme gave. her famous song, "I Long for the Sun," from her "Chu Chin Chow" répertoire; Owen Nares, in a recitation, magnetised all the flappers (young and old) in the house; and Mr. John Strange bathed our soul in a suave étude by Liszt.

Delysia would have recognised herself with glee in the minute imitation Mona Vivian gave of her Good Queen Bess-Mona Vivian is quite descriptive when she calls herself an entertainer."

One of the most artistic items was a Hindu dance illustrating the "Creation of Woman" and the complexities of conjugal life. Miss Victoria Drummond, in a wonderful make-up, told us how in the beginning of Time the Lord Ormuz (I believe), pitying the loneliness of Man, fashioned a being which had all

> the weakness and all the strength and all the graces of Nature itself, and called it Woman and gave it as a companion to Man; and

how Man, a week after, came to Ormuz and asked him to take back his gift, as Peace was no longer with him-and Ormuz took back the Woman. A few days later, Man came

again to the Lord and begged to be given back the Woman, as he could not live without her; and Ormuz gave the Woman unto the Man. But, three

days after, the Man once more asked of the god to deliver him of Woman. This time Ormuz refused; and ever since Man and Woman have tried to solve the problem of how to live with or without one another-with now and then help from the fatal Third, and sometimes from the Divorce Court (but that was not mentioned in the poem!). Miss Beatrice Richmond danced harmoniously to the picturesque description of Woman in the making. Viscountess Maitland sang with much feeling a song from "The Slave Market." Alexander, the Bird-Man, gave such a wonderful imitation of the nightingale that it was an ode in itself.

The concert was altogether successful, for which Miss Lilla Dunbar, as the organiser, deserves praise.

The Countess of Carrick had to run away early the other night when the Poets' Club gave one of its meetings.- Lady Carrick, dressed with an almost monastic severity-black,

with white collar and cuffs-relieved the austerity of the whole by wearing a green wreath in her hair. She said some charming things on "the Mystic Thought of Ancient Ireland as Mirrored in Her Modern Poets "-

"The Celt speaks of nature with a kind of mystical authoritythe Celt mind, at its best, becomes identified with nature. It becomes one with the modes, conditions, and symbols of natural things. Other minds cognise the beauties or the forces of nature, but rarely penetrate to the core of the thing seen. They depict and appreciate the outward appearance of trees, meadows, rivers, and mountains; the Celt speaks for them, interprets the appearance, turns the material form into a spiritual atmosphere, explains the mystery of shapes and shadows, light and darkness, sensation and sound. To the ordinary mind the four seasons mean nothing more than change in health or variations in the conditions of bodily comfort; to the Celt mind every day, every month, every season has its soul as well as its visible atmosphere.'



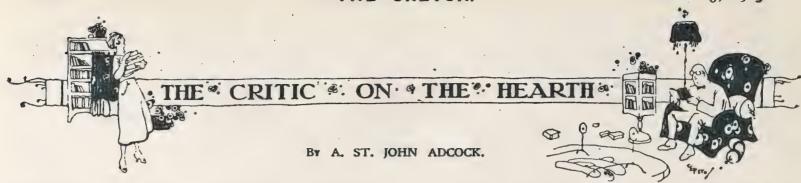
THE FAMILY ALBUM COME TO LIFE-IN "JOY-BELLS!"



A CHARMING FUTURIST: "1920"-MISS SHIRLEY KELLOGG.

Continued.]
especially Mr. Fuller Beer, whose name is descriptive of his | family album—pages of the 'sixties, 'seventies, 'eighties, and state, is followed by the materialising of certain pages from a 'nineties of last century—capped by a page to be, 1920.

Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.



IN theory, I am one myself," added the Honourable Fitz; but, in practice, Socialism is an impossible ideal."

"Like the sheep in a picture," suggested the Youngest Man in the Club; "very nice to look at, but not eatable."

"Quite so. As I say, Horace Bleackley's 'Anymoon' shows what the Socialists would make of the country if they had the chance. A very imaginative and appalling picture it is, too-no private property, everybody reduced to the same social level, anybody allowed to marry, but nobody allowed to have children without a license.'

"Very imaginative," I agreed; "but do you think Bleackley knows what Socialism is?"

"Well, Harold Cox says he does, in a foreword," protested Fitz.

"Perhaps that's a matter of opinion. There are several kinds of Socialism, and you can no more forecast the final developments of any scheme of government than you

can forecast the career of any particular man. Look what a mess Mrs. Humphry Ward made of it when she prophesied about Clemenceau. Read Hyndman's "Clemenceau: The Man and His Time," or Joseph McCabe's "Georges Clemenceau," and I think you will realise that, if Clemenceau had died before he was seventy-

four, nobody would have talked of what might have been,

"People looked upon him as a powerful, irresponsible journalist who smashed up government after government out of sheer perversity; but Hyndman's biography—a masterly and deeply interesting book - and McCabe's intimate study of the man and his ideals, make it clear to you that he had a very definite philosophy of life, and acted up to it without compromise.

"'I read with amusement in Mrs. Humphry Ward's recent book of Victorian Recollections.' writes Mr. Hyndman, that, having met Clemenceau at dinner in the 'eighties, she came to the conclusion that he was " too light a weight to ride such a horse as the French democracy." . . . It

is precisely this inexhaustible fund of animal spirits and his neverfailing cheerfulness and brilliancy which have given Clemenceau the power over France which he possesses to-day.

You never know what men or movements are going to do till you get to the end of them. Remember what you used to say of woman's suffrage?"

"Yes," said Fitz, "and I don't altogether repent even now."

"You may in time; and, anyhow, you can't expect others to go on swallowing what they don't like just because you like it. Before you accept Mr. Bleackley's fantastic vision of the future, get Mr. Beer's 'History of British Socialism.' As a rule, this

sort of history is fatally dull, but Mr. Beer has the good gift of an easy and attractive style, and tells the full story of the rise of British Socialism in the Middle Ages, when 'there was a blind movement of misery among masses hardly capable of thought,' to the birth of Chartism in the early years of the nineteenth century."

"After all, you won't say that our present form of government is incapable of improvement-

"Certainly not," interrupted the Honourable Fitz. "Why, if I could have my way—"

"But you can't. None of us can. We have got to compromise and go the best way we can persuade others to take with us. Our old system has broken down everywhere, and you have a glimpse of what its failure meant in France and Belgium . in the half-dozen poignant, vivid little war plays gathered into 'Waste Cities.' It plunged the peasants there into tragic miseries; and as for its workings here at home-well,

Husband,' and see how

the system is no joke

when the individual is

brought up against some of its ramifications.

that Dolf Wyllarde's

best novel is 'The Path-

way of the Pioneers,'

but now I shall bracket that with 'The Holiday

Husband,' Gissing would

have made a drab and

sombre story of it; she

makes it none the

less ruthlessly realistic,

though she touches it

with a lighter hand.

Vervain Chalmont is a

quiet, refined, clean-

minded girl living alone,

earning her own living, and badly underpaid.

She wearies of the lone-

liness, tameness, mon-

otony of her existence,

longs for ways of escape.

The way that offers

itself is a daringly un-

conventional one, but

circumstances and the

simple honesty of her

character

"I have always said

have you read 'Dilly and Dally'?"

"Oh, but that's burlesque," cried Fitz. "I laughed over the thing, and Poy's pictures are the funniest foolery.'

"It wouldn't be funny if it were not so much like the real thing. And you can go behind the scenes in such a book as 'The Holiday

FROM MONS TO THE SOLDIERS OF THE THIRD CANADIAN

DIVISION: A COMMEMORATIVE "TOKEN" IN ALUMINIUM.

The actual size of the "token" is 7-8th of an inch diameter.

MISS CHRISTABEL PANKHURST AS PROSPECTIVE CANDIDATE FOR WESTMINSTER: AT A MEETING-WITH MRS. PANKHURST AND MRS. DRUMMOND.

Miss Christabel Pankhurst is seen on the left. Next are Mrs. Pankhurst and Mrs. Drummond. "Christabel" has returned from Paris recently, where she came to the opinion that those who wished to help the country had left the situation too much to Bolsheviks and Pacifists. She urges a strong, courageous, and fearless peace, not a peace of compromise. Also, she does not like President Wilson. Mr William L. Ashmead-Bartlett Burdett-Coutts has been Member for Westminster since November 1885.—[Photograph by Photopress.]

> make natural that she should accept it, and, after a holiday fortnight in Cornwall, the man returns to his work abroad, she to hers in London, and the romance is over.

BOOKS TO READ.

Anymoon, By Horace Bleackley. (John Lane.)
Clemenceau: The Man and His Time, By H. M. Hyndman. (Grant Richards.)
Georges Clemenceau: France's Grand Old Man. By Joseph McCabe. (Watts.)
A History of British Socialism. By M. Beer. (Bell and Sons.)
Waste Cities. By Clarice A. Blakeley. (Erskine Macdonald.)
Dilly and Dally. Written by W. McCartney. Pictures by Poy. (Thornton Butte The Holiday Husband. By Dolf Wyllarde. (Hurst and Blackett.)
The Mud Larks Again. By Crosbie Garstin. (Methuen.) (Thornton Butterworth.) The Cutting of an Agate, Essays, By W. B. Yeats. (Macmillan.)

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Princes Plate

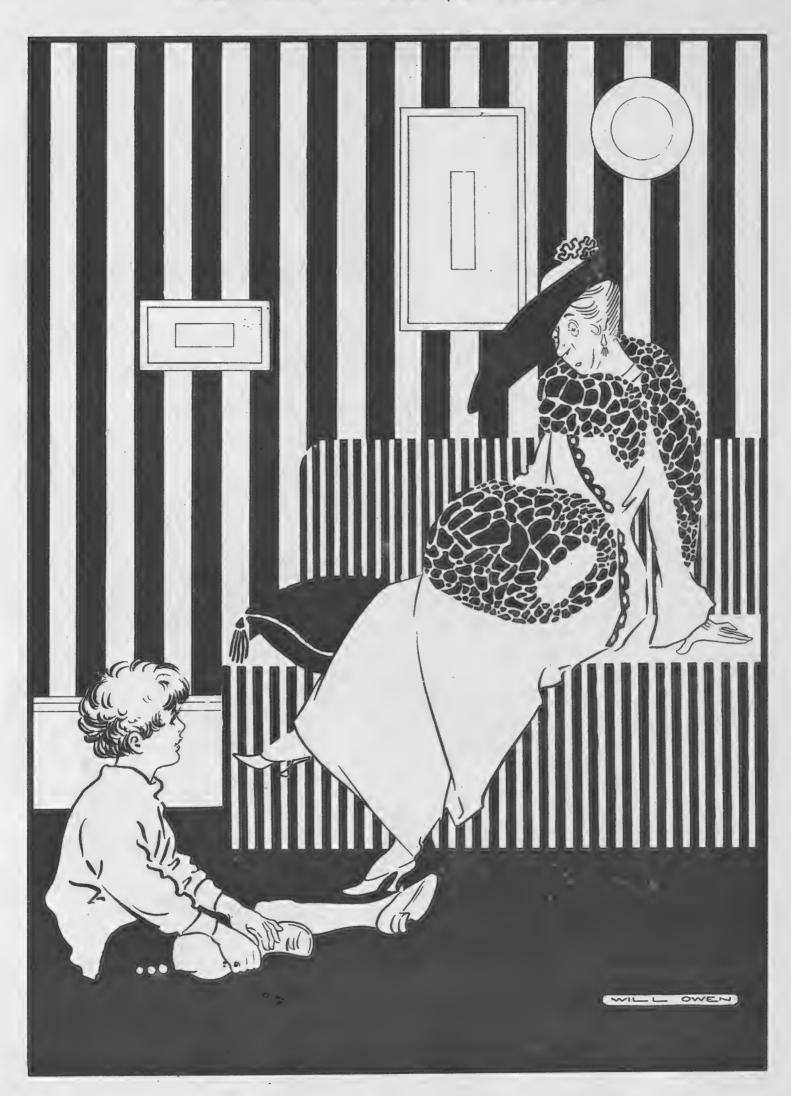
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NEWS FROM A SEAT OF LEARNING!



AUNTIE: Well; Theodore, and did you get some good marks at school to-day? THEODORE: Yes, Auntie; but I can't show them to you.

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.





WHAT WE MIGHT DO WITH OUR BOYS. By C. G. GREY. Editor of " The Aeroplane."

AST week one pointed out, with the irrefutable evidence of official figures, that there is no prospect for the present of any of the keen youngsters of this generation having any chance of flying-unless, of course, they happen to have enough money of their own to pay for their own flying. This week it seems worth while to point out what we might do with our aeronautically enthusiastic boys if only we as a nation, as represented by the Government which we ourselves have selected, had the sense to realise the vital importance of aerial navigation to the British Empire. Those who have read Mr. Kipling's wonderful and prophetic stories of the Aerial Board of Control—they are called "With the Night Mail" and "As Easy as ABC"—will remember the motto of the A.B.C.: "Transportation is civilisation." And it must be evident that if the British Empire is to hold together, despite its being the most scattered community in the world, then quick inter-communication and transportation must be the links which will bind it.

First Duty.

The Government's Therefore, simply because aircraft are by far the quickest of all vehicles, it should be the first care of any British Government to encourage flying before almost anything else. And, because flying

appeals more strongly to the young than to the middle-aged or old, every effort should be made to encourage youngsters to fly. Thus. instead of cutting down the R.A.F. and turning tens of thousands of skilled aviators and partly trained aviators adrift on a cold. hard world, we should, in fact, be training more and more of them. Of course, one recognises the difficulty of extracting money from the Treasury in these " piping times

A VARIABLE-WING SEAPLANE: THE FAIREY

The Fairey Patent Variable - Wing Seaplane was designed as a British reply to the Brandenburg "Strafer." The variable-wing device enables the attainment of a greater range of speed than can be got out of machines with the fixed form of wings, as it permits a very fast machine to alight very slowly. This type was developed from the designs of Mr. C. R. Fairey, through experiments conducted by Mr. Sydney Pickles, the well-known pilot.--[Photograph by C.N.]

of peace"; but there are ways of getting things done if one really desires them very much. Four-and-a-half years of war and four months of a devastating peace have turned us into a complete nation of "wanglers"; and, if the authorities at the Air Ministry have not learned how to wangle funds for their department, it is quite time they gave place to people who have learned the great lesson of the war. For perceive how much might be done for our boys if the R.A.F. people set to work in the right way. At present, practically all flying in the R.A.F. has been stopped, except for a few privileged persons.

The training aerodromes are choked with Aerodromes Busy. youngsters all anxious to fly, and yet not allowed to fly. At some aerodromes there are a dozen officers and cadets for every one air-mechanic, because the men, being as a rule of the class commonly called

"tradesmen," have been demobilised in tens of thousands as key, pivotal, slip, essential, and "one-man" men, and so there is supposed to be nobody to keep the machines in order. Yet there seems no reason why the machines should not be kept in flyable condition by the officers and cadets themselves. All of them have had some weeks or some months of technical training at Schools of Aeronautics before going to aerodromes, and so ought to be able to do an air-mechanic's work if supervised by good technical officers or experienced flightsergeants. So there cannot be any reason for stopping flying because of lack of labour. Any youngster who was too proud to clean his own engine or aeroplane should be ejected from the R.A.F. promptly; but one fancies that there would be very little trouble on this score, judging by the pleasure which most of these same youngsters take in delving in the bowels of a car or motor-cycle.

Scarcity of petrol cannot be any excuse for Petrol stopping flying, for the muck which is handed Residuum. out to us in these days for our cars seems to be the residue after the aviation spirit has been evaporated off.

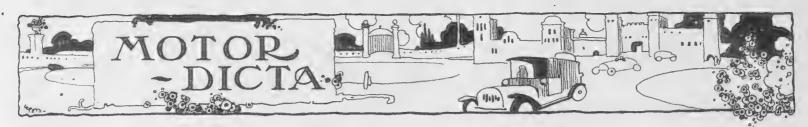
Pay and maintenance cannot account for the stoppage, because all these people have to be paid and maintained whether they are flying or whether they are kicking their heels in idle-

An Insurance Against War.

Therefore, the obviously sensible thing to do seems to be to start up flying again in all the training aerodromes. Let the flying officers and cadets do the work of stations, as they

would be very pleased to do if allowed, and keep them busy. When a man is passed as an efficient pilot, or is condemned as never likely to become a pilot, then relegate him to the R.A.F. Reserve or turn him out. But keep on training, training, training. The greater the number of the youngsters who are able to fly the greater will be our insurance against another war. Also, the greater the number who can fly, the greater will be the demand for aeroplanes, and the stronger the aircraft industry will become. And a strong aircraft industry is as necessary to the safety of the Empire as is a strong shipbuilding industry. So that, if we laid ourselves out to encourage aviation sensibly, we might do quite a lot for our boys and for ourselves at the same time. That aeroplanes are destined to play a leading, if not dominant, part in any of our wars in the future is accepted as a quite indisputable fact—a fact, too, not to be ignored.





NO MOTOR RACE: THE BUDGET: THE "TANKETTE." By GERALD BISS.

S I took the liberty of prognosticating from the moment of its announcement in the Daily Mail, there will be no motor-race this year in the Isle of Man, whereat much chagrin on the part of the licensed victuallers, and much joy on the part of the decaudated cats, who see their pleasant armisticial slumbers undisturbed by wild, snorting autos. The motor industry have turned it down more in sorrow than in anger; but, of course, the whole proposition was impossible upon the face of it from the very first, save to a reporter out for a scoop. To tell the truth, it was nothing but a ballon d'essai sent up by the R.A.C. to show that it at least was alive and full of beans—not one of the "has-beens" its sometimes strenuous critics would acidly make believe. Now next summer-that is quite a different question.

Purple Possibilities After Easter, the Budget—the first post-war and most exacting of all Budgets—with its many purple possibilities of spoliation and discomfort, which now lie upon the uncertain knees of Austen. Few of us have much taxable margin that we can face with a stout heart and an open cheque-book; and I fear that to many it may mean the indefinite postponement of personal automobilism and of the gratification of their lust for joy-riding till we get at least half-way through the promised Millennium, when the Bolshevik shall lie down with the Capitalist-the latter most probably inside him, on the Riga-tiger principle. Even Ministers of State find the austere Austen publicly threatening in the House to ration their free official autos, begotten in the war and born in bureaucratic iniquity, and to dock Sir Hudibrass Hatt and such pomposities in Whitehall of what they have begun firmly to regard as a permanent perquisite, if not a divine right. Such a state of affairs would be as intolerable as it would be undignified; and I hear furious threats of a strike of Generals, if not a general strike, against this unjustifiable attack, without even "Dora's" permission, upon the liberties habitually taken by the subject.

That Super-Sixpence on "Petrol."

Still, at this critical hour, as we stand upon the edge of a brand-new financial precipice, it behoves us one and all, each in our little way,

to do our puny utmost to prevent that super-sixpence upon "what we call petrol," as Sir Marcus Samuel so blandly and post-prandially put it the other day at the Commercial Motor Users' luncheon. For Sir Marcus to mouth vehemently against the Petrol Control (Government brand) possibly smacks of the pot

iniquitous inquisition of any excess profits tax, and he will guarantee that all will be well both as regards quantity, quality, and price. But what concerns motorists individually, and the general good of the industry, is that April 30 see the scrapping of that war-emergency super-sixpence, imposed upon the old principle of "another little tanner won't do them any harm." It must be remembered that it means a shilling a gallon, or two bob a tin, every time one internally combusts upon the King's worn-out old highway. Surely one



A DISTINCT DEPARTURE: A FIVE-SEATER TOURING MODEL LANCHESTER.

A great deal of interest has been aroused regarding the new design 40-h.p., Lanchester car. We understand that it is a distinctly new one; but, at the Lanchester car. We understand that it is a distinctly new one; but, at the moment, details of the internal design are not forthcoming. As regards outward appearance, it will very substantially resemble the Lanchester pre-war 40-h.p. model, a very small number of which the Company were allowed to finish when war broke out. We illustrate one here, a five-seater touring model owned by a well-known ship-owner. It will be seen that the car represents owned by a well-known ship-owner. It will be seen that the car a distinct departure from Lanchester standard design.

sixpence should be ample for the greediest Chancellor in these days of the reconstruction of a much retarded and rather wobbly 'essential' industry.

With compulsory economy the slogan of autothe "Tankette." mobilism, as of everything else, the "tankette" arrives in specification, if not in person, at the

psychological moment of our direst need. We cannot all scoot as

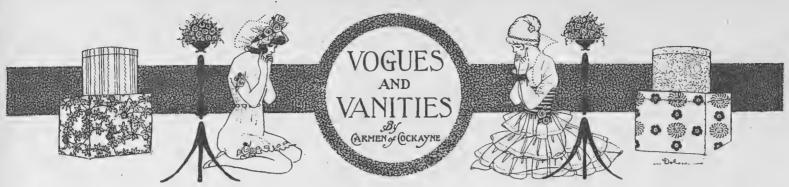
blithely as Sir Henry Norman or Miss Curly Hedgehog, nor can we motor-cycle ferociously upon wild-eyed two-wheelersand, above all, we cannot write blank cheques for second-hand autos! The "Tankette" is a super-scooter with a seat two feet above the platform, pleasantly encased, and suitable to either sex, with a 3-h.p. two-stroke engine which will take you to Brighton and back on a single gallon of petrol at the speed of your own choice, from one to thirty-five miles per hour-a most natty affair, with two ducky little side-wheels to prop you up in traffic, while your engine bobs on playfully, and a double-tyred back-wheel to prevent you from skidding into a motor-'bus or a ditch, according to whether your environment be urban or rural. To and from the House of Lords or your office, according to the station to which Providence has called you; a run in the country; a week-end on your own, or in good company-what better? No household, obviously, should be without several - including at least one for the priceless general who commands the establishment and such a huge honorarium in

STARTING FOR THE CRITERION: MISS MARY MOORE (LADY WYNDHAM) ABOUT TO ENTER HER NAPIER.

Miss Mary Moore is back at the scene of her many triumphs, the Criterion, where she is seen as Ernestine, Lady Bagley, in "Our Mr. Hepplewhite." With her in the picture—as the lawyers have it—is her Alpine-tested 30-45-h.p. six-cylinder Napier.

describing the kettle as a demn'd dark grey; but he, dealing in millions-twenty-three of them nowadays at some £6 a share !--and not in mere sixpences, bids the authorities mercifully drop the these days. And the price? Ah, that is the maker's little secret-as too frequently the case in these days. Let us pray that he lay it on light for once!





With every woman doing her best to look The Hard Way. conspicuous, it's hard to achieve distinction. After all, it's not much use priding yourself on wearing shorter frocks than anyone else, and rejoicing in the possession of elegant

ankles to show while doing it,

Fringe has many sweet uses; as, for instance, when it trims a jumper.

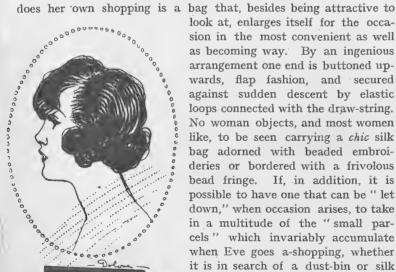
when numbers of other people are all doing the same thing. Even a beautiful neck and shoulders don't help much. It's not that lovely necks are so common, but that the Queens of Beauty Parlours are so fiendishly clever that "natural" gifts give their owner no advantage over others less lavishly endowed by Nature. The only hope for the woman who wants to look " different " - and most women like to feel they are going one better than other people-is for her to alight on some special and particular "trifle" and make it her own till someone else comes along to copy, when she

must, of course, begin the business all over again.

Looking Around.

The present is, on the whole, rather a favourable time for the seeker after

originality. "Trifles" were never so numerous or attractive, and suiting your own special fancy to the gown you wear is becoming quite an interesting as well as a complicated matter. It almost looks as if the war were going to turn us into a nation of parcel-carriers. One is still confronted with notices urging the patriotic to carry their own parcels. The retention of the patriotic note rather suggests-does it not?-that patriotism now consists in helping the merchant to carry on his business with as little trouble to himself as possible. Still, there are circumstances under which women can afford to be unselfish with profitable results as far as their personal appearance is concerned; and that's worth a great deal any day of the week. The latest inducement offered to the woman who



Her hair, even when it is bobbed, can still be a woman's glory.

look at, enlarges itself for the occasion in the most convenient as well as becoming way. By an ingenious arrangement one end is buttoned upwards, flap fashion, and secured against sudden descent by elastic loops connected with the draw-string. No woman objects, and most women like, to be seen carrying a chic silk bag adorned with beaded embroideries or bordered with a frivolous bead fringe. If, in addition, it is possible to have one that can be " let down," when occasion arises, to take in a multitude of the "small parcels" which invariably accumulate when Eve goes a-shopping, whether it is in search of a dust-bin or silk stockings, that is merely an additional and powerful argument in favour of immediate possession.

Veils grow longer.

Her Active Brain.

It is rather interesting to know that bagdesigning is not, like so many things made especially for women, the monopoly of mere

The bag described was planned by a woman. Another newcomer in the bag world is the "Double Dorothy." Most owners know what it feels like to hunt frantically for tuppence in the depths of a "Dorothy ' that is sheltering keys and a handkerchief, as well as a few other trifles, while an impatient conductor asks if you think he's hired to waste all his time on a single passenger. The "Double Dorothy," as its name implies, is a two-fold affair, with a smaller and quite separate bag resting against the side of the larger receptacle. It's an ingenious idea, and adds to the appearance

It is no matter if you hide one eye from the world, provided the other is beautiful.

the bag as well as the comfort of the owner.

Frocks and Feathers.

Eve started the fashion for furs, but it has been left to the maiden of 1919 to launch

the feather frock, or at any rate the frock in which feathers are conscripted for skirt duty. For the benefit of the sensitive, it's as well to explain that fashion requires something more than the "feather here, a feather there," mode popular with the South Sea Islanders in Bishop Peter's diocese. The feather skirt-for the thing is an accomplished fact—is simply a series of feather fronds laid frill fashion on an underskirt of some light material. Sometimes the bodice follows ordinary conventional lines; sometimes corsage and skirt alike follow the feathery mode: whichever method is adopted, the

result is quite original-and what more can any woman want from her clothes?



It illustrates the vogue for feather fans; and, incidentally, shows how attractive tulle looks against the hair.

more especially when the toilette they accompany happens to be sombre in tone. In a word, the decorative effect depends almost as much upon the carrier of the fan as upon the fan itself.

The craze The Fan Vogue. of the moment is feather fans. Not the old-fashioned kind that spread themselves before an admiring world, but tall, waving, three-plumed affairs carefully mounted in such a way that the "sticks" are immovable. From the point of view of utility, they are almost too large for comfort, but there is no denying their effective qualities; and, as they are generally made in the brightest of colourings, they can be used with decorative effect,

It does not

You can't have too much

of a good thing.



Drawing by Fred Pegram.

"Dri-ped" is not a mere trade description; it is a Brand by which you may recognise the only leather of its kind in the world. Not all green leather is Dri-ped; no leather is Dri-ped unless it bears the diamond trade mark in purple every few inches, whether on repairs or new footwear.

Dri-ped, the Super-Leather for soles, is waterproof, double-wearing, light, flexible. It is used by repairers for re-soling and is readily obtainable on new footwear.

Dri-ped Leather's War- and Peace-Time Services

No. 9-Après la Guerre.

Dri-ped saved the British Tommy from the dolor of wet feet. It thus furnished the solution to the leather question. Whilst leather's price was abnormally high, and supplies almost unobtainable for civilian use, Dri-ped doubled or trebled the life of footwear in comparison with those of ordinary leather; it enabled war workers to work more efficiently, in greater comfort, and with greater freedom from illness.

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WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

Royal Group.

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finer man than the Prince of Wales, who will gain the goodwill of a baby in arms with as much care and interest as he will later bestow on a boxing bout? Who is as good to his own sister as most men are to the sister of some other man who is all in all to them? Who has proved as keen and brave a soldier in the field as he is a courteous gentleman in Court and slum? Prince Albert is very like him. Of Prince Henry we only know that he plays the game, and loves it, whatever it may be. As for our only Princess, she is young, fresh, pretty, unaffected, kind-hearted, and has learned a lot of things more character-building than accomplishments—the bane of Victorian girlhood. They are now lumped contemptuously together as parlour tricks"!

Through the Mill. A very dear woman told me the other day that now her war work is done she has set herself to help the men who won the war in every way she can. She was wearing at the moment a very smart coat and skirt of soft, light, and pretty tweed. It was, she said, Burberry Blighty, and the name of the disabled sailor who had woven it was on it. These tweeds are controlled by Burberrys, and buying them is a selfish pleasure and a patriotic one too. My friend, who is a very prominent woman, has as secretary a young soldier whose left arm is useless, a permanently lame man as chauffeur, a nurse for her wee girls who was injured in a hospital in France which was shelled; she buys all her toys and some furniture at the Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops. Everything that she can have by helping. Service men she does. It is, she says, sheer delight to her to see the splendid fellowship between those of her household who have been what they call "through the mill."

Rome is packed, Rome is gay, Rome is Not Built beautiful. Excellent food there, and the in a Day. afternoon drives on the Pincio are crowded, smart, and cosmopolitan. "Spend Easter in Rome and die" is

an old adage. Plenty of people are doing the first, with no thought of accomplishing the second direc-

tion. Americans are not so much in the ascendant as usual, although the American colony is well to the fore. They are not saying much about their President just now, but just waiting to see. The next aspiration of all good Catholics, black and white, is to hear Mass in St. Sophia, Constantinople, which the Holy Father desires to have handed over. No Christian Mass has been said there since 1453, so it would be something of an occasion. If, however, the Holy Father does get to St. Sophia, he will have to rebuild it. That will easily be accomplished, but no Mass in all the world will equal that in St. Peter's,

Rome, at Easter.

It doesn't do to Please Save he too serious, St. Anne's. but any idea that the St. Anne's Schools, Redhill, should be closed for lack of funds is beyond a joke. Middle-class well-to-do people will surely not allow such a catastrophe, for these schools are for the children of the once well-to-do. They provide home, clothing, and education for those whose parents have been prosperous, and through misfortune are unable to give their children advantages fitting them to become so. Three hundred boys and girls can be admitted, and 75 per cent. of those there now are orphans. Seventy of the more than four hundred old boys on the Roll of Honour have laid down their lives in the war; as a matter of gratitude to them, and others who did noble and gallant deeds, we should see to it that the schools do not close for



A graceful wrap of tête-denègre charmeuse, with collar and waistcoat of pale-amber satin, and buttons of a some what deeper shade.

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Solid Silver Cup and Cover, on Ebonised Plinth. Height of Cup and Cover 141 in., 240.



Solid Silver Bowl, on Ebonised Plinth. Diameter, exclusive of handles, 9 in., £16; 10 in., £21.



Massive Solid Silver Gilt Cup and Cover, on Ebonised Plinth. Height of Cup and Cover 18 in., £65.

WILSON & GILL INVITE AN INSPECTION of their immense assortment of SOLID SILVER PRIZE CUPS AND BOWLS at prices ranging from £1 to £100.

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[Continued overleaf.



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Smart Artificial Silk Jumpers.



Extremely Smart Artificial Silk Jumper, yoke trimmed artificial silk, medallions in plain colours—Black, Ivory, Champagne, Terracotta, Grey, Purple, Iris, Emerald, Cerise, New Blue, Saxe, Pink, Geranium, Putty, Copper, and Primrose. Or in combination colours: Black with White facings, Champagne/Iris, Terra/Putty, Grey/Purple, Iris/Primrose, Emerald/Black.

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No. 71.

Quaint Crepe Set, inlet figured or flowered ninon.

Awfully pretty.

Chemise and Knickers

£2 12 6

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Nighty to match

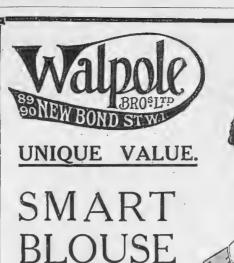
£2 10 0

Camisole to match

16/-

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in heavy British Silk of Exceptional Quality

The model is made in PINK ONLY, with Collar and Cuffs of Ivory Silk, and the effect is pleasingly attractive. Perfect cut, most comfortable in wear, and finished with pearl buttons, the model is offered as an example of "Walpole" value.

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tury Jays, Ltd., have enjoyed a unique reputation for the excellence of their Gloves. They are all made from reliable skins that have been carefully examined and tested, and being cut in the most perfect manner possible are therefore both durable in wear and refined in appearance. Every glove supplied is made expressly for the House: the colours are specially dyed for Jays to their own exclusive shades and they are unquestionably the best gloves money can buy.

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The "LOUISE." Finely Tucked French Voile Blouse, in white with border of colour. In sky, helio, rose, saxe and pink. Sizes 13½, 19/11

E. 104. Pretty HAT in Tagel Straw, lined georgette, trimmed ribbon and spray of French flowers 59/6



E. 103. Practical HAT in fancy Straw, lined contrasting colour and ribbon to tone 35/9



Smart Jumper FROCK in Gaberdine; cuffs and vest of contrasting colour silk. In grey, mastic, lime, navy & black 142 Gns.

Also in Black Charmeuse with cuffs and vest of Ivory Silk 16½ Gns.

The "BRIGHTON." Wool Sports COAT—Raglan Sleeves—roll collar—medium weight. Suitable for general wear. In purple, black, rose, saxe, grey, champagne, fawn and a good range of shades

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BAG WRAPPER, in rich Crêpe Chinois, with wide hemstitched hem all round. This Wrap has only one fastening and folds into the bag, as sketched.

In sky, pink, mauve, saxe, white, rose, jade, grey, emerald, electric, mole, purple, and navy.

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"It is this personal experience of Sanatogen which leads me to recommend it so strongly. Its great merit is that its action is of a thoroughly natural kind. It does not upset the system. Indeed, it is not to be regarded as a medicine, but rather as a valuable adjunct to our food, because it builds up and recuperates whilst it also acts as a safe restorative and tonic without involving any strain on the digestive organs.

"In this respect, medical experience shows that from Sanatogen we gain, bulk for bulk, more nutrition than from other foods, and that the body-building substance in it is more rapidly and completely absorbed into the system."

Ask your chemist to-day for a 5/9 tin of Sanatogen, he is sure to have it in stock, for supplies are now almost normal. Be sure you get genuine Sanatogen, labelled: Genatosan, Ltd. (British Purchasers of The Sanatogen Co.), 12, Chenies St, London, W.C. I (Chairman: The Viscountess Rhondda.)

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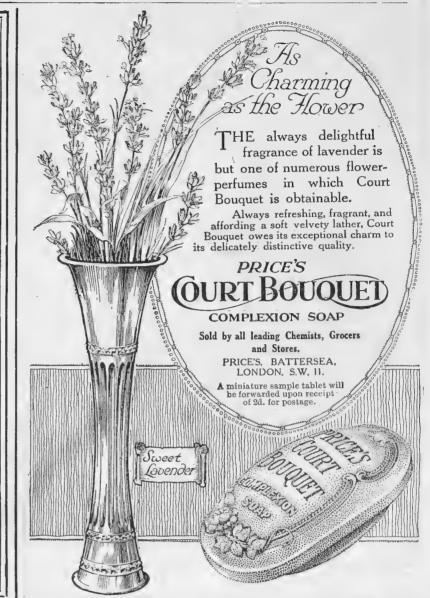
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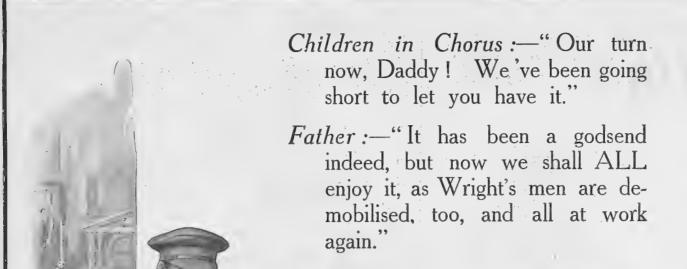




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> by means of overlapping fronts, doubly safeguards every vulnerable part of the body, from throat to knees, without excessive weight or

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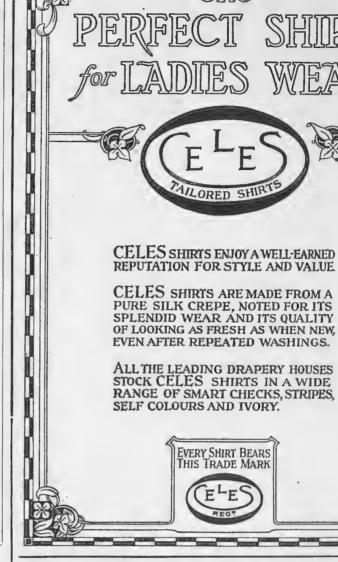
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designed and made by our own workers.

S.X. 75. Tea Frock, of Rich Crêpe-de-Chine, cut on good lines, with gracefully draped Bodice, finished Bouquet. Bodice lined Silk, Waist on Elastic. In Black, Grey, Vieux Rose, Saxe, Purple, or Pale Shades.

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OCAINE

By GILBERT THANE

With the echo of a recent tragical case ringing in their ears, everyone is appalled-repelled-saddened -but assuredly INTER-ESTED in the subject of drugs and drug-taking.

This Sensational Serial starts in the May Number

HOME MAGAZIN

-WOMAN AT HOME-

On Sale To-day at all Newsagents & Bookstalls.



Safeguarding the Nation's Health

The Government has now released the large supplies of "Skippers" in Olive Oil which were kept in bond during the

war as a reserve for emergencies.

"Skippers" are a highly concentrated food—all nourishment—no waste. Weight for weight "Skippers" are more nourishing than meat, and they supply the valuable phosphates lacking in many foods.

You have been short of fat during the war. Make good the deficiency now. Ask your grocer to supply you with a tin of



for 1/- (GOVERNMENT PRICE). A guarantee on every can.

"Skippers" are brisling with good points.

Angus Watson & Co., Newcastle-on-Tyne.



MR. T. CLIFFORD DAWSON, of "Mowbray," Maryvale Road, Bournville, writes:

"Allow me to thank you for the wonderful cure of Neurasthenia and Nervous Breakdown of two years' standing with only three bottles of your Phosserine. I have been on war work at the 'Austin Motor Works,' aged 49."

PRIVATE W. G. AMATT, 5th Royal Berks, British Expeditionary Force.

"After a long spell in hospital I was finally discharged, still feeling the effects of the nerve shock. A friend advised me to try Phosferine, and I can assure you it has done me a great amount of good in bracing me up and restoring my nerves."

PRIVATE J. LING, A.S.C., M.T.

"I had an attack of Neurasthenia, caused through shock, and, hearing about Phosferine, I thought I would try it, and did, with the result that I have not had any attack for two years now."

MR. W. O'MALLEY, M.P., writes:

"For steadying and strengthening overwrought nerves I know of nothing better than Phosferine, and in depression its recuperative power has been particularly noticeable."

CORPORAL W. BALDWIN,

R.A.M.C., British Expeditionary Force.

"I was on board the 'Royal Edward' when she was torpedoed, and, being several hours in the water, my nerves were completely shattered, but soon after landing in England I obtained a supply of Phosferine; after taking three 3/- bottles of your medicine my nerves were fully restored."

R. L. KEARNS (Late Private),
King's Liverpool Regiment, British Expeditionary Force.
"I was a physical wreck, and it looked as if I would never gain any of my old vitality back again, but very soon the use of Phosferine had the effect of bringing about a complete revolution in my condition."

The fortunate experience of these soldier victims of nerve shock is typical of the thousands of similar cases of Nerve Breakdown which Phosferine has permanently remedied. Phosferine so speedily restored the activity of the exhausted nerve organisms that each of these men has once again acquired the vitality to take up his work with even more energy than formerly.

When you require the Best Tonic Medicine, see that you get

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Influenza Indigestion Sleeplessness Exhaustion Nervous Debility

Neuralgia Maternity Weakness Premature Decay Mental Exhaustion Loss of Appetite

Lassitude Neuritis **Faintness** Brain-Fag Anæmia

Rheumatism Headache Hysteria

Phosferine has a world-wide repute for curing disorders of the nervous system more completely and speedily, and at less cost, than any other preparation.

SPECIAL SERVICE NOTE Phosferine is made in Liquid and Tablets, the Tablet form being particularly convenient for men on **ACTIVE SERVICE**, travellers, etc. It can be used any time, anywhere, in accurate doses, as no water is required.

The 3/- tube is small enough to carry in the pocket, and contains 90 doses. Your sailor or soldier will be the better for Phosferine—send him a tube of tablets. Sold by all Chemists, Stores, etc. Prices: 1/3, 3/- and 5/-. The 3/- size contains nearly four times the 1/3 size.



A costume made of the fashionable silk jersey. Its colour is rose striped with black, with cuffs and collar faced with white, and a sash which is white lined with black.

Continued.] lack of funds. Lieutenant Pulling, who brought down the Zeppelin in November 1916 off the East Coast, was an old St. Anne's boy. Surely, surely, here is a subject for the very best War Memorial investment that could be made. Please send it to Barclay's Bank, Redhill, for St. Anne's, which must be saved.

She was very The Fall of knitting busy a Jumper. herself a coat; wrinkles came in her square young brows, anxiety showed in her clear young eyes. Irritation was apparent in her random replies; nothing seemed to go quite "according to Hoyle" in the knitting of that coat. But it was finished for going to golf at Easter. There was a look of estrangement about the shoulders, the waist-line had wandered a bit wide, the collar was insubordinatestill, she alone had made it, and all due admiration was extended. Alas! home came a sister and two cousins with far better-fitting, far smarter, and far more styleful coats bought by them at Marshall and Snelgrove's for little more than her silk had cost her. Red eyes, drooping lips, and general despondency were the result, until a dear old aunt came along and bought her dear niece's handiwork,

and off went the niece to Marshall's and returned with a duck of a coat. Auntie is using niece's work for a bed-jacket—how is the mighty fallen!

Then and Now. "Taking your likeness" will be a popular proceeding this Easter. "Dora" has retired from her camera supervision, and these fascinating little instruments

accompany most holiday-makers. The "Ensign" is the popular outfit; and these entirely British snapshotters, the real peacetime snipers, are made for use in all sizes from vest-pocket to postcard, and cost from 10s. upwards. Houghton 'and Co., 88, High Holborn, is the home of the "Ensign," but it can be had at any photographic dealer's. Quite new interests are aroused by photography now-it is so long since it could be freely practised; and there are still, all round our island coasts, such souvenirs of war and defence against invasion as will make photo-



A smart little straw hat trimmed with ribbon, suitable for wearing with tailor-mades.

graphic records that will be valuable in days to come, when our feelings about and knowledge of the great world-war will have become dim. A happy holiday with an "Ensign" for company is likely to be the portion of many thousands this Eastertide—and, oh, what a dark week it was last year!

Shine, Sir?

I wonder what hotel servants use to clean boots and shoes? Mine have been subjected to some vile mixture, and have had to go back to their makers to be relieved of its taint. The language of the maker—a mild-mannered man as Hans Sachs, if his Teutonic name is mentionable—was Hunlike over the indignity to his good leather. He gave me—how he





SESSEL PEARLS

Sessel Pearls are the finest reproductions existing. They are made by a secret and scientific proscientific pro-cess, which im-parts to them the same sheen, delicacy of tone, texture, and durability of genuine Oriental Pearls.

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says:—
"A row of
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Pearls will amply
salisfy even the

Sessel Pearl Ear-rings, Pins, Studs, Rings, in Solid Gold Mountings.

Beautiful Collar of Sessel Pearls with 18-ct. Gold Clasp, in case,

From £21: 2: 0 Sessel Clasp with Sessel Emerald— Sapphire or Ruby centre.

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Sessel Pearls are positively superior to any

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The "Bystander"

In colour, weight, and general appearance there is obsolutely nothing to choose between the two pieces."

Diamonds, Pearls, Old Gold, Silver, etc., Purchased for Cash or taken in exchange.

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SESSEL (Bourne, Ltd.), 14 & 14a, New Bond Street, London, W.1. Meltonian Cream
Lutetian Cream The Aristocrats of Boot Polish In Bottles, 1/- & 1/9; in Tubes, 1/3 An Officer writes: "I would not be without: Lutetian Cream. I used it in France, and it not only kept my feet dry by preserving the leather, but it also produced a beautiful shine when we had anything special doing." Manufacturers: E. Brown & Son, Ltd., 7, Garrick Street, London, W.C.2. and at Paris: 26, Rue Bergère.

must have been profiteering!—a bottle of Meltonian Cream, and implored me, almost with moisture in his eyes, to clean my own shoes with it when away from home. It goes with me this Easter, as does a bottle of Lutetian for my brown golfing brogues, and an outfit. I am quite enthusiastic about my new profession as a boot-blackand brown. I expect I shall next be heard of at Charing Cross, backed by my Meltonian and Lutetian friends, and kneeling before a brass-studded stand, sweetly murmuring "Shine, Sir?" fession should not be wasted on one's own self!

A Joy to Its Wearer. One thing is proclaimed quite firmly from Paris-not from the Forceful Four or the Tenacious Ten, but from the place whence

more.

decreed, and the style in accordance

features and head-

poise. I went with a woman who is always

among the first dozen

to adopt the Dame's latest dictates, and receives, - like, the

keenest appreciation,

to the Maison Georges,

40, Buckingham Palace

Road. There was a

study of all that is

prettiest and most be-

coming in hair-dress-

There also were

strawberries.

earliest

with

emanate Fashion's unwritten but important laws. It is that our



There is certainly no need for any woman to worry if her chevelure is not as luxuriant as it ought to be. The Maison Georges, of 40, Buckingham Palace Road, supplies waves and curls which defy detection and make the coiffure of the woman who wears them a delight to behold.

styles with ease and convenience. I have never seen hair that is so delightfully easy to dress as that of "La Naturelle," the specialty which has made this house famous. It is simply the thing-lovely hair, to all appearance home-grown, with a permanent wave, and heads will cost us ready to be dressed in No more any style. A thing of straight, dragged-over beauty and a joy to hair, no more buns, no more bits here and its wearer and those who see her. bits there, but a careful and beautiful coiffure. Either waves or curls or both are

It is curious and lamentable that children are being regarded as a barrier to the taking of a new house, and even to the secur-

the means of acquiring each or any of the



A BRIDE OF THE WEEK: MISS VIVIEN MANSEL-PLEVDELL

MANSEL-PLEYDELL.

The wedding of Miss Vivien Mansel-Pleydell, eldest daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Mansel-Pleydell, of the 12th Lancers, and Lieutenant - Colonel Henry G. M. Railston, D.S.O., Rifle Brigade, only surviving son of Colonel H. E. Railston, late Cameronians, is fixed for April 22.—[Photograph by Bertram Park.]

ing of rooms for a holiday at the sea, by house-owners all over the country. On the one hand we are told the absolute necessity of encouraging and "making much" of the men and women of the future; on the other, the property owner, or his tenant, seems inclined to bar the way. The owners of houses, or even "rooms," may say that they have the "right" to refuse whom they choose, and to let only to "desirable" tenants; but, on patriotic grounds, the value of the "coming generation" is surely recognised as indisputable. Property owners should realise that the circumstances of to-day are exceptional, and it is par excellence the day of the child. It is curious, to say the least, that we should be at once emphasising the value of the child and depreciating it.



The dawn of renewed, triumphant and happy youth is reflected in the bottle of Urodonal as in a magic mirror. Havefaith in Urodonal and you will immediately see its

imparts renewed youth and vitality to the whole DR. RENE CHANDERYS,
Paris Medical Faculty. Price 5/- & 12/- per bot. Prepared at Chatelain's Laboratories, Paris. Obtainable from all Chemists or direct, post free, 5/6 & 12/6, from the British and Colonial Agents.

HEPPELLS, Pharmacists, 164, Piccadilly, London, W. I. cists, 164, Piccadilly, London, W. 1. Full literature sent post free on application.

That remarkably Perfect Cigarette

which has become so popular during the last few years is the Piccadilly. The smoker shews sound judgment who makes this cigarette his friend.



The most perfect Hand-made Virginia cigarettes ever produced.

 $25 \text{ for } 1/8\frac{1}{2} \quad 50 \text{ for } 3/5 \quad 100 \text{ for } 6/10$

To be obtained of all High-class : Tobacconists. ALEX. BOGUSLAVSKY, Ltd., 55, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

Something more than good Looks



A good watch must have something more than good looks—it must have good "works." It is the works that do the work -of good timekeeping. Therefore, when you are buying a watch do not let looks decide. Ask about the inside, the works of the watch. If you insist upon works bearing the name of

Waltham you buy the world's best watch. Accurate, reliable and durable for a lifetime.

Naltham Watches

grade of movement selected. Especially recommended: "Vanguard" and "River-side" grades.

tainable from reliable watchmakers and jewellers. Waltham movements are "Vanguard" and "Riverside" grades.

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fitted in cases made by the Dennison Watch Case Co.,
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Descriptive Literature Free.

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Three types: "Self-Filling" and "Safety," and upwards; "Regular," 10/6 and upwards. See also No. 74 "Regular" at 17/6 guaranteed.

L. G. Sloan, Ltd., The Pen Corner Kingsway, London, W.C.2 and 39 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1.

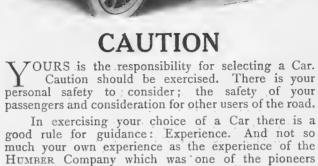
"Why do I always use POND'S, dear?

Because it is the one pure cream that tones and nourishes the skin, that keeps the hands soft and white, and preserves and beautifies the complexion. It is a safeguard of skin health.

Applied with the finger-tips night and morning, and just before going out, the cream "vanishes" by absorption, leaving the skin delightfully perfumed with the fragrance of Jacqueminot Roses, Free from grease and stickiness, it never shows on the face, save in the sense of added charm.

Many beautiful women recommend it, including Miss Neilson Terry, Miss Violet Vanbrugh, Miss Constance Collier, and Madame Kirkby Lunn.





This experience has been invaluable and is revealed in the 10-h.p. and 14-h.p. models, on which we are now exclusively concentrating.

of the industry.



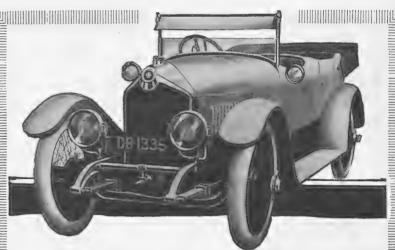
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25-30 h.p. R.F.C. MODEL which is universally accepted as "The Quality Car."

Chassis price (including electric)

Full particulars and name of nearest Agent upon application.

CROSSLEY MOTORS, LTD.

Telephone: City 4611 (3 lines) MANCHESTER.

Telegrams: " Motors," Gorton.





"RUPERT BROOKE'S GRAVE."

HE poetry that finds most favour to-day is shy of stately versification and of figures drawn from classical literature. The "grand manner" is something out-at-elbows, in the opinion of our younger poets; but not with all. Mr. C. E. Byles makes, therefore, what may almost be called a refreshing departure in daring to suggest the style, if not the metre, of "Adonais" in his lament for Rupert Brooke. "Rupert Brooke's Grave; and Other Poems" (Erskine Macdonald) is a volume of verse harmonious and often distinguished. The piece which gives its title to the book contains many passages of excellent feeling, and several of true inspiration-

> . the challenged god Smote thee untimely with his envious beam, Equall'd in doom with Marsyas. The sod Of Hellas holds thy bones: thy spirit wings Back to the misty island of thy birth, To haunt dear home, and old familiar things, And English clouds and streams, and English earth.

It is worthy of remark that, although the apt parallel between Brooke's fate and that of Marsyas had been drawn by another hand, Mr. Byles made it quite independently in his elegy. The lament is the finest piece in the book, but there are some excellent sonnets, including one on Edith Cavell, and several occasional poems inspired by war and peace.

Some of the Colonial papers have a breezy and picturesque style in telling a story. This is how one of them describes a minor domestic tragedy: "The elderly flirt sat at breakfast with his paper before him, but his eyes on the prowl. His wife sat opposite, and the new housemaid—a rainbow promise of a girl—flitted round the table.

He was in fective spirits. The previous evening he had slipped a half-sovereign into the housemaid's hand. He swept a proud territorial eye round the breakfast-room and its occupants, and wondered in what spirit of adventure his wife had chosen such a morning-glory of a girl for a handmaid.

"He recalled the procession of previous domestics-fine, robust girls they were, but most of them had faces as long as a horse's, mechanical jaws, windmill ears, and hair like horse-rakes on their heads. He pretended to laugh aloud at something in the paper as he laid it down. His wife, like a tragic fury, glared at him across the table. The housemaid had vanished. He drained his teacup nervously, and, staring foolishly at something in it that struck his lips and jingled as it fell back into the cup, discovered-his half-sovereign."

Spring is here, and the glad-hearted poet has been at work on our tramway-cars with his lilting couplet-

> Do not pass behind this car Until you know the road is clear.

Surely, with one brave spirit leading the way, we can now brighten up our staccato public notices. A more lyrical touch is needed—is it not?—in our London laconics. Would not the stern "Book here" at the Tube stations sound more melodious thus-

> Put down your cash and we'll give you a ticket; Do a sprint to the lift: the man there will snick it.

Something of the bluntness of the "Don't smoke" command might, too, be softened possibly by this-

> The incense of your Cairene weed Brings visions dear to Cadis: We like your taste-we do indeed-But smoke annoys some ladies.

AMUSEMENTS.

A DELPHI. and Year.

Evenings, at 8. Mats. Weds. and Sats., at 2. "THE BOY." W. H. BERRY.

DALY'S. (Ger. 201) "THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS."

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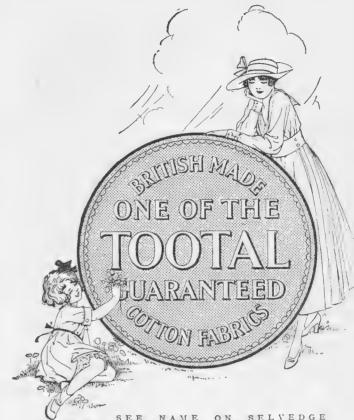


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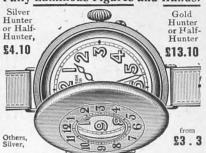
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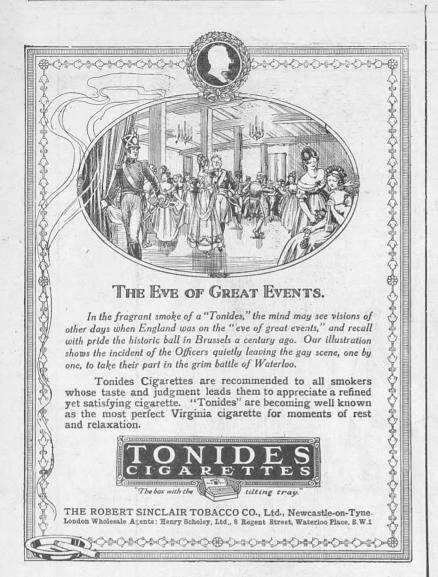


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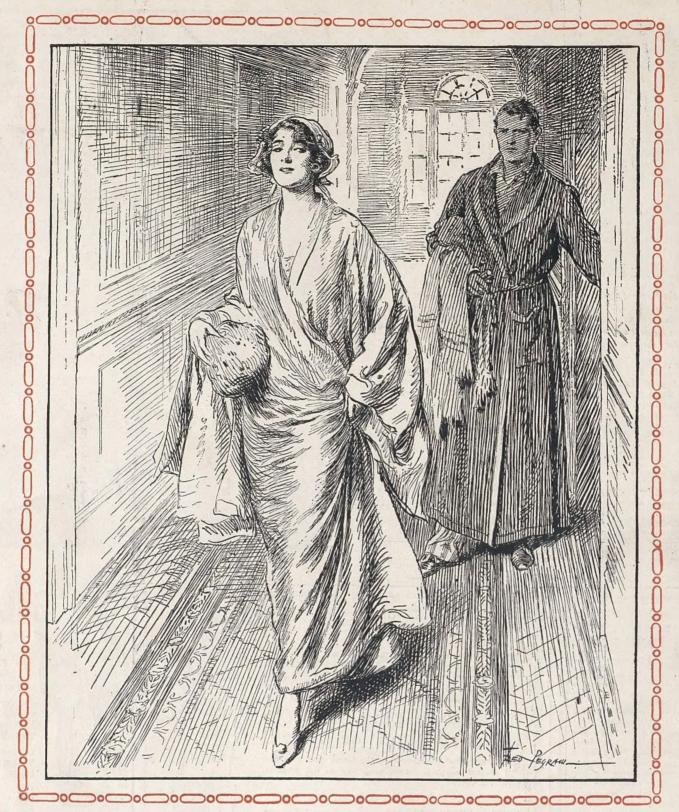
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